

Subscriptions by Mail, Postpaid.
DAILY, Per Month, \$0.50
DAILY, Per Year, \$5.00
SUNDAY (to Canada), Per Month, \$0.50
SUNDAY, Per Year, \$5.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year, \$9.00
DAILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month, \$0.75
FOREIGN RATES.
DAILY, Per Month, \$1.50
DAILY, Per Year, \$15.00
SUNDAY, Per Month, \$0.50
SUNDAY, Per Year, \$5.00
THE EVENING SUN, Per Month, \$0.50
THE EVENING SUN, Per Year, \$5.00
THE EVENING SUN (Foreign), Per Month, \$1.50
All checks, money orders, etc., to be made payable to THE SUN.

Published daily, including Sunday, by the Sun Printing and Publishing Association at 150 Nassau street, in the Borough of Manhattan, New York. President, Frank A. Munsey, 150 Nassau street; Vice President, Edwin W. Wardman, 150 Nassau street; Secretary, R. H. Thibault, 150 Nassau street; Treasurer, Wm. T. Stewart, 150 Nassau street.

If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication will send them to the editorial office, they must be in all cases sent stamps for that purpose.

TELEPHONE, BEEKMAN 2200.

The "Rights" of the House of Representatives.

The country is informed from Washington that the Representatives in Congress, humiliated by the unquestioned dominance exercised by the Senate, intend at once to reestablish and enforce their "rights" as lawmakers.

We hope the report is true.

At present the members of the House, to whom is entrusted the most potent power of government—the sole authority to originate bills for the raising of revenue—are content to go through the motions of doing their duty. They pass bills whose authors vote for them "with their eyes shut," and send them to the Senate to be whipped into shape. The Representatives have formed the habit of neglecting their privileges and shirking their obligations. They have come to depend on the Senate to do the wheel horse work—the hard labor of inquiry and adjustment that must precede the enactment of any satisfactory law. They send to the other end of the Capitol ill-considered, incomplete and half digested bills, the product of laziness and inattention, and impose on the Senators the labor of bringing their provisions into accord with sound principles of government and existing commercial conditions. To do this is one of the "rights" of the House. It is the "right" that the Representatives have been most insistent on exercising.

But the House has other "rights" which it may exercise if it wants to. It has the right to accept its powers with sobriety, to conduct its business thoughtfully, and to give to the nation well considered bills which the Senate will not find it necessary to rewrite before passage. It has the right to frame legislation in such a way that the product of its processes shall command respect and confine the Senate to the legislative place it was originally designed to hold.

If the House wants to reform it can; and the reform it needs is not dependent on the members of any body or aggregation of bodies outside its own chamber.

Governor Whitman's Interest in the Cruger Investigation.

If this one sentence from Governor WHITMAN's telegram to District Attorney SWANN were read by itself it would convey an unfortunate impression: "I am by no means satisfied with the handling by the authorities of the investigation growing out of the murder of RUTH CRUGER."

But, pursuing the Governor's message, which covers the salient points of stupidity—or worse—displayed by certain policemen, we find that every point is one that has been exposed by the very investigation with which the Governor appears not to be satisfied.

We are glad that the Governor, himself a criminal investigator of repute, is interested in the matter; but we do not believe that he has need to worry. The Mayor's investigation, conducted by the Commissioner of Accounts, in no way blocked the machinery of the District Attorney's office. And this investigation, evidently designed to remove by complete exposure the single blot on the present police administration as well as to aid the ends of justice, appears to be unsparing. The very digest written by the Governor from the newspaper reports is evidence of the depths to which the knife is sunk.

The public wants the truth about the Cruger case, and the technical method of getting at it is comparatively unimportant. After the truth, no leniency for the criminal, no whitewash for the careless.

Shut the Lips to Gossip.

In the United States, as in other countries engaged in war, the daily gossip of the street has assumed importance that calls for great care on the part of all of us in believing and repeating what we hear, regardless of the source from which it comes. This is true not only of such important canards as the circumstantial report of a sea fight off Heligoland with a hundred or more ships sunk and our naval hospitals filled with wounded sailors, but also of less vital tales passed from mouth to mouth until they cover the whole country, and from the very method of their circulation defy the most earnest efforts to deny them or explain them away.

The necessary secrecy surrounding military movements, the tension un-

der which all of us are living, the unexpressed avidity of everybody for news, prepares the public mind to receive yarns obviously false. Tales that can be supported by a plausible argument find ready acceptance, and the multiplication of "proofs" as they pass from person to person provides substantiation for unfounded reports that the most authentic accounts of actual happenings might not be able to muster.

This credulity furnishes unexcelled ground for the cultivation of untruths designed to impair our power and divert our attention from matters that require attention. This can be accomplished by falsehoods that apparently have little or no bearing on the war. The purpose of deliberate lies engaged in the enemy propaganda is served by suspicions that weaken our faith in the private morality of persons in public place as truly as it is by direct impeachment of their official acts. The establishment of distrust and contempt prepares the way for discord and division, and the destruction of unity is one of the immediate objects of the alien agitators among us.

Nobody can help hearing the atrocious scandals that are bandied about in many cases by men and women who have no consciousness of the service they are performing for our enemy, but everybody can do something to break the chain of malicious gossip. Lips closed against the utterance of reports in support of which no evidence can be produced will provide an alibi for any person when the exposure of their falsity is made; and undoubtedly this will eventually become a matter of material importance, for as the war progresses the authorities will unquestionably find means to punish the disloyal originators of injurious lies and their stupid circulators.

A Profit Dictator Too?

Out of the mazes of the excess profits provisions of the war revenue bill, as rewritten by the Senate Finance Committee, the reader will see in dim outline emerging a figure more powerful than Mr. Hoover is potentially or the Interstate Commerce Commission is in fact. The second paragraph of Section 204 of the Senate measure says:

"The proportion between the excess profits and the net income in each trade or business shall be determined by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue in accordance with regulations prescribed by him with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury."

Why do American business men trouble their heads with the excess profits taxation soon to be imposed, with speculations as to what this or that clause of the complicated Senate bill means, with vague attempts to analyze the definition of capital as "the fair average value of the assets actually invested" * * * less the average amount of the liabilities incurred"—and so on?

Why worry? The proportion between the excess profits and the net income is to be determined by the Government; the Government therefore will have to determine the net income. To determine the net income the Government will have to determine the "capital" and everything else thereto related. You may be in some doubt as to how much your business is making, but after the Government gets through you will be in no doubt whatever.

The Secretary of the Treasury will approve the rules of the game. But while it is played let the business man remember that he is present only as a spectator.

The Critic and the Reviewer.

The death of a distinguished American critic of the drama cannot but stir many to reflection on the man himself, his writings, and the stage which was his professional theme for nearly half a century. Some will be puzzled by the fact that his methods are almost non-existent at present, although their loftiness of purpose is entirely unquestioned by most of those who disagreed with their application. Some will see in their disappearance proof of that decadence which WILLIAM WINTER believed to be the principal characteristic of the modern drama.

Both those who are puzzled and those who are pessimistic fail to take into proper account changing conditions. Was there no trash staged in the days when Mr. WINTER began his work, in the days of EDWIN BOOTH and SIR HENRY IRVING? Look over old newspaper files and see what wretched melodrama and horseplay farce were played between a *Macbeth* and an *Othello*. How much of that stuff would ever so much as reach production now? There are unclean plays on Broadway every present season. Well, they are not new in their uncleanness. A perusal of some earlier favorites will convince any one of that.

With the spread of theatres and the multiplication of plays the educative power of the drama has been extended to great numbers of persons untouched by it in the past. As a result there has taken place a readjustment, and a very necessary one, of the attitude of those who write about the theatre for public information. The critic has been generally displaced by the reviewer. What is the difference?

A critic is rightly a person with full and authoritative knowledge of his subject, who applies to selected works of art certain severe and high artistic tests. He is acquainted with the best standards of the particular art with which he deals. By those standards he measures subsequent productions. If he is a really great critic he grows more liberal without lessening his exactness. His measure does not remain linear, but takes ac-

count of square and cubic feet. In other words, he notes the fact that failure in a given direction may be offset by extension in another.

A reviewer may or may not have the full knowledge and experience of his subject possessed by the critic. Very often he has. But the reviewer is not a high priest. He is a man of keen conscience who aims solely to tell the public enough about a play or other production to enable it to form a correct opinion as to whether it wants to see it or not.

The critic tells you whether a thing is good or bad and in what respects, judged by classic standards. A reviewer is an honest man who describes what he has seen mainly with the idea of letting you decide its merits for yourself later.

Good critics are indispensable. They are rare and but few are needed. Good reviewers are indispensable. They are many and we can never get too many of them. For good reviewers are simply good reporters. They educate us by starting us right and compelling us to use our own minds. Good critics furnish the necessary check by compelling us to justify our own judgments.

The Straddling Traitors.

In his speech at Forest Hills yesterday Colonel ROOSEVELT said the right, blunt thing about the creatures who have developed from hyphenates into moral traitors:

"Any man who now announces that although he favors the United States against Germany, yet he favors Germany against England, is a traitor to America. There can be no half and half attitude in this war."

And to England must be added, as Mr. ROOSEVELT made plain, every nation with which we have joined for the purpose of whaling the Prussian and his followers. Until this war is over every American who is against the junker butchers must be with and for England, France, Russia, Italy, Japan—with and for every nation down to the tiniest. Color no creed, history nor remoteness, may stand in the way of the concerted hunt of the great criminal. "Whoever now upholds or justifies Germany," as Mr. ROOSEVELT said, "is an enemy of the United States."

And he is an enemy, and should be treated as such, whether he mouths his crookedness in a beer garden or prints it in a foreign language newspaper. In the latter form, as Mr. ROOSEVELT pointed out, it is most dangerous. If the Government would adopt Mr. ROOSEVELT's suggestion that all newspapers conducted in the language of the enemy be required to publish, column for column, an exact translation into English of the text, there would be less of disloyalty in type—or there would be fewer foreign language newspapers.

Hands Off Old Rod and Gun, Mr. Herald!

For almost exactly one year THE SUN has tolerated with amused indifference the misappropriation (to use no harsher word) of its venerable motto "It Shines for All" by the New York Herald, and the daily exhibition of that well known proprietary device as an advertisement of the Herald's bootblack parlor, somewhere in West Thirty-sixth street.

When we have been urged by indignant friends to lay the lash of the law heavily across the wrist of the pilfering hand, we have merely smiled. Nobody is likely to mistake Mr. BENNETT's bootblack parlor for our well known newspaper.

Now a friendly reader in Philadelphia calls our attention to a further enterprise in prehensile journalism. In the edition of the Herald of July 1 which circulated in that town he discovered an account of the striking in of the bluefish at Fire Island Inlet, which he recognized as having appeared almost word for word in THE SUN of the preceding Sunday—that is, just seven days before. We say almost word for word, because there are here and there slight verbal changes which constitute in themselves the most conclusive evidence of deliberate intention and conscious guilt. For example:

From THE SUN of June 24. From the Herald of July 1.
"The average fisherman in Fire Island Inlet plays the fish hand over hand and then it isn't easy work, for the motor boat is probably going three miles an hour and seventy-five feet away the blues are striking the squids and fighting in the manner that seems best regardless of the rules of the game is restrained."

And so on throughout a deadly parallel that we mercifully refrain from prolonging. When it comes to pilfering from Old Rod and Gun we cannot and shall not permit the conscienceless performances of Mr. BENNETT's bootblack parlor to go unchastised!

Creole Dishes, by Authority.

A brief and admirably dogmatic pamphlet on the fish of Louisiana and how to eat 'em comes to us from the Department of Conservation of the Pelican State. It has some little verse of which it is impossible utterly to approve: "Oysters to begin a meal, On the shell and raw; Mackerel next and broiled; you'll feel How well fed you are." Plainly, "raw," while made to

rhyme with "for" in Brooklyn, can never rhyme well with "are." In the poem sheepshead is the third course. This, according to the prose text, may be broiled, boiled or baked. Not so with pompano, which the little book unhesitatingly describes as the best of all food fishes:

"There is but one proper way to cook pompano—it should be broiled and served with sauce à la Maître d'Hotel."

Also, there is only one right way to use the stringy for food, and that is to cut off its wings and convert them into the Creole rule an beur noir. That is how the French ancestors of the New Orleans gourmets treated the stringers that they caught in the Mediterranean.

The Conservation Department declares rather autocritically that a fillet of flounder should be either fried or baked. This may surprise the New York chefs who so frequently boil it, smother it in white wine sauce and give it a name worthy of a sleeping car. The Louisiana pamphlet mentions only two styles of flounder: sole à la Nouvelle Orleans and filets de sole à la Orly. Poor, dear flounder! Is there no place where it is not compelled to wear the etymological mask of the sole?

Of course the pamphlet mentions bouillabaisse. In preparing this dish magnificent use two, and only two, fishes. These are the redfish and the red snapper. And do not overdo the condiments. Be frugal. Use nothing with the fish except onion, thyme, bay leaf, parsley, garlic, allspice, salt, pepper, olive oil, white wine, tomatoes and saffron. Serve on toast that has been fried in butter, and invite Mr. Hoover to join you at the simple, inexpensive repast.

The Attacks on Our Transport.

Rejoicing at the successful repulse of two submarine attacks on the transports carrying TRANSIT's army will not obliterate the grave concern with which Americans read and read Secretary DANIELS's statement of what occurred. Concerning the necessity for rigorous censorship of cable intelligence there is little to say; whether the severest scrutiny could prevent information reaching Berlin of the despatch of troops is more than doubtful. The real question is one of adequate protection in every mile of the ocean passage.

Only by the use of torpedo boat destroyers can the greatest amount of protection be provided. Destroyers have great speed and can provide a smoke screen. Their light draught makes them poor targets for the underwater boats. The second attack on our transports, made after the destroyers had joined a contingent, does not appear from what Mr. DANIELS says to have imperilled the transports at all.

"Not alone did the destroyers hold the U-boats at a safe distance but their speed also resulted in the sinking of one submarine at least."

This was in marked contrast to the first assault, when the transports, set upon by night, were in such jeopardy that no less than five torpedoes were counted speeding by stern and bow. "The high seas convey," using searchlights and heavy gunfire, was successful in beating off the attack and "the torpedo discharge became increasingly scattered and inaccurate."

The lesson would seem to be plain from this experience that an adequate destroyer escort must be provided for troop transports from the moment they leave this side of the Atlantic. We have been blessed with great good fortune in having got PERHAPS the men to France without an initial loss of life.

There ought not to be any conflict of authority or clash of official action in a case like the Cocchi case. If there is any real doubt as to the power of a Commissioner of Accounts to conduct such an investigation, a friendly Governor could have suggested this to the Mayor quietly and at the outset of the inquiry, instead of with a flourish of trumpets after the Commissioner has been taking testimony for many days.

It looks very much as though somebody was trying to put Mayor MICHON "in a hole." The effort, we believe, and hope, is doomed to failure. If JOHN PURVIS MITCHELL is not an honest Mayor, New York never has had one.

What to do with our former Presidents is no puzzle for CHANG HUN, who has made LA YUAN-HUNG a Duke of the First Class.

A casual view of the war revenue bill would indicate that the South will pay about one-tenth of 1 per cent, mostly through the tax on snuff.

It is a noteworthy fact that charges of official misconduct against the public prosecutor are now pending before the Governor who gives him the preference over the Mayor's Commissioner in the matter of investigating the Cruger murder.

Predictions as to the duration of the war might be reduced by a tax on excess prophets.

The Manchus are going to let the people wear their queues and the republicans their heads.

We have met the enemy and he is submerged.

Respective Journeys of Jones and Smith. John Jones goes to business, Programme is like this: Wife with fond devotion Plants a good-by kiss; Children in the window Flutter up and down, Neighbors stop to greet him—John Jones goes to town.

John Smith goes to battle, Programme is like this: None to watch his passage, None to throw a kiss; Not a soul to cheer him, None to bid him good-bye, Not a parting greeting—John Smith goes to France. MCLANDRUM WILSON.

INSURANCE AND PENSIONS FOR SOLDIERS.

The conference which the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. McAdoo, has opened at Washington on the subject of possible insurance for American soldiers and sailors will be watched with interest. It appears that there is some suggestion of such insurance as an alternative to pensions after the war. The comparative advantages of insurance as against pensions and of pensions over insurance will be a subject for consideration by Congress, it may be, in advance of that or other discussion one point in regard to pensions suggests itself.

The granting of pensions to dependents and relatives of our soldiers has in the past been attended by various abuses. These arose frequently from the fact that there was no precise definition of the term "dependents." It should be in granting pensions. Now insurance has a great superiority in this respect. An insurance policy is payable upon stated conditions and to a stated person or persons. Why should not pensions be made so?

If the Government is to pension the veterans of the present war or members of their families there is no apparent reason why the extent of the Government's undertaking should not be exactly prescribed in advance.

John Smith, we will suppose, enlists in the army. If the Government is to pension his family, it should specify the sum the money will be made payable to John Smith, if he is disabled, or to his wife, or mother, or father, or children; or to his estate. The terms of the matter are clear to all concerned.

Again, let us suppose that the Government has decided to pay pensions as it has done in the past.

When John Smith enlists and is accepted by what the Government be just as definite with him in respect of a pension as it would be in respect of life insurance? It could be provided by act of Congress that John Smith should receive a pension for life upon his discharge at the conclusion of the war; that if disabled so as to reduce or destroy his earning power he should receive a proportionately larger pension. In the event of his death the United States should pay to his family a pension of a stated amount should be payable to a person or persons designated by him at the time of his enlistment. John Smith would thus enlist with the heartening knowledge that his wife, his mother, his father or his children would receive the Government's bounty.

The enlisted man should be required to designate a second person as pension beneficiary in case the first beneficiary should predecease him. There would have also to be provision, in the case of married men, for posthumous children.

Some such method would invest a pension system with all the accuracy of insurance while retaining the peculiar annuity characteristic which makes a pension so prized. The designation of beneficiaries would prevent claims by the prevailing rule of pension law, which provides that a pension should be removed from politics and be a great safeguard against fraud. Perhaps some such scheme will be considered when the general question comes up in Congress.

"LET HER GO, GALLAGHER!"

A Distinguished Historian and Critic Attempts the Perfect Slogan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Many of your correspondents are seeking for a slogan for our boys in France, but thus far there is no remarkably happy hit. Let me try.

Perhaps you have read Joseph I. C. C. Galloway's lively poem entitled "The Fighting Race," the gist of which is that Irishmen are at the fore in every fight. And perhaps you remember a saying, in the dialect of high class slang, that was current a few years ago. It might have served as a chorus for "Let her go, Gallagher!" What an order for a charge or response to such an order. ROSSETER JOHNSON.

New York, July 3.

Russian Taught at the College of the City of New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The newly awakened interest in the Russian language has created in this country a distinct need for courses of that language which would enable our citizens to use Russian within easy limits and at the same time introduce him to a further and more thorough study of the language and the people. Such a course is being offered by the College of the City of New York in its summer session (July 2 to August 21). It is a course in Russian language and literature, taught by the College of the City of New York on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, 10:30 to 12:30 A. M., and at the University Settlement, Eldridge street, on Mondays, Tuesdays, Fridays, 7:30 to 9:30 P. M. The fee in each case is \$15.00. Students enroll in the office of the City College, Room 226, during the day from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M., or during the evening from 5 to 10 o'clock. PAUL KLAFFER.

New York, July 3.

Two Ways of Claiming Suffrage.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The cause of suffrage is losing some friends because of the action of a few of its exponents in Washington. It is perhaps worth while to point out to such disgruntled friends that the great body of suffragists is not behind those women; that where one suffragist is flaunting belittling banners one thousand are taking census doing Red Cross work, practising and preaching food conservation and demonstrating in every way possible their sense of the necessity and the ability of woman to bear her full share of the burden of America's participation in the world struggle for democracy. The house she is asking of her brother at the polls in November he should grant; first, as an act of simple justice; second, as a great and constructive move in the direction of good government; and third, as a generous and manly recognition of the work she is doing so well as by side with him. NEW YORK, JULY 4.

From One Who Smiles Not Upon the Breast.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Here is an old quotation that we haven't seen in print lately, although it is an appeal for a compromise that might pacify a nation: "Back and sides go bare, go bare; Hands and feet go cold; But good Lord give us aid enough, Whether it be new or old."

WILLIAM F. GARDINER.

BULLFROG, JULY 4. PUBLISHER.

THE NEGRO'S RIGHT TO MIGRATE.

A Patriotic Colored American's View of the East St. Louis Incident.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I read with much regret in to-day's SUN of the recent riot in East St. Louis in which fifteen or more negroes were killed and a score or more injured, the stated cause being the migration of negro laborers from the South to the above mentioned neighborhood.

It is not fair that the negro of this land of the free should be allowed the same privilege of moving from one portion of the country to another as an individual or as individuals of any other race? And at present, when the nation is appealing to every able bodied citizen to offer his or her services in the interest of liberty, justice, and last, but not least, humanity, of which the Administration expresses so much love, should it appear very encouraging to the young colored American to read of such occurrences?

I volunteered my services through the National Guard of this State and was rejected for physical disability. I did not claim exemption when I registered for the Federal draft, but occurrences such as the East St. Louis riot are very discouraging, and in my estimation are a disgrace to a country that has entered a world's war in the interest of humanity.

NEW YORK, JULY 3.

WOMAN'S CONTEMPT FOR HER SISTERS.

Our Swarthmore Misogynist Calls Charlotte Bronte the Stand.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Why do women in general hold women cheap? Men have no such distrust and contempt of men. But it seems to be true that few women admire their own sex. Contrast strong and weak parties. Envy and malice among men are as rare as they are common in the intercourse of women; and the soundest proof of this statement is that women are the first to make it.

There is a profound root of incompatibility in the seriously analytical woman's mind and her relation to the world with other women. Just what this root is has drawn many guesses. But the fact would appear demonstrable. Women are seldom advised by women.

When it comes to the use of the author's scalpel, what damning diagnoses, what merciless denunciations! No man's touch matches her own for stringing and flaying the sex. Literature probably possesses no more savage page than Charlotte Bronte's picture of the three "bad" girls in "The Professor"; and as mere man crawlingly attempting to deprecate sheer woman one cannot do better than make a list of the most of these shattering lines. It is to be noted that these descriptions are put in the mouth of the hero, and perhaps that's the most delicious feature of the revelation; for what man either could have, or could would have, exposed such a picture?

"Aurelia Koslow—I do not know what Aurelia's daily habits of life are * * * but from what I see of the state of her desk, books and papers, I should say she is slovenly and even dirty * * * in passing behind her bench I have remarked that she makes a habit of want of washing, and her hair, so glossy with gum and grease, is not such as one feels tempted to pass the hand over, much less to run the fingers through. Aurelia's conduct in class, at least when I am present, is something extraordinary, considered as an index of girlish innocence. * * * If, in walking up the schoolroom, I pass near her, she puts out her foot that it may touch mine; if I do not happen to observe the manoeuvre, and my boot comes in contact with her brocadequin, she affects to fall into convulsions of suppressed laughter. * * * If I notice the snare and avoid it, she expresses her modification in sullen muttering, where I hear myself abused in bad French, pronounced with an intolerable Low German accent."

Not far from Miss Koslow sits another young lady, by name Adelle Drouart, who is an unnatural looking being—so young, fresh, blooming, yet so Gorgon-like. Suspicion, sullen ill temper, were on her forehead, vicious propensities in her eye, envy and panther-like deceit about her mouth.

She had but two varieties of expression: the prevailing one a frowning, dissatisfied scowl, varied sometimes by a most malicious and perfidious smile. She was shunned by her fellow pupils, for bad as many of them were, few were as bad as she.

"Juanna Trista. * * * I wonder that any one, looking at that girl's head and countenance, would venture to credit her under their (sic) roof. * * * Juanna was not very thin but she had a gaunt visage, and her regard was fierce and hungry; narrow as was her brow, it presented space enough for the legible graving of two words, Mutiny and Hate. * * * Juanna was not very tall, but she had a coarse workday sort of turbulence; she made noises with her mouth like a horse, she ejected her saliva, she uttered brutal expressions; behind and below her were seated a band of vulgar and inferior looking Flamandes who, with their aid she got up, sustained a swinish tumult. * * * Juanna Trista remained in Europe long enough to repay, by malevolence and ingratitude, all who had ever done her a good turn; and she then went to join her father in the * * * Isles, exulting in the thought that she would there have slaves, whom, as she said, she could kick and strike at will."

All the foregoing is from "The Professor," Chapter XII.

SIMON P. FRASER.

SWARTHMORE, PA., JULY 3.

Home Made Beer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: For the benefit of your correspondents "Tommy Atkins," who desires a formula for home made beer, I would state that there are both powdered and liquid products on the market by which beer can be brewed in the home. It is only necessary to add a little yeast. F. S.

NEW YORK, JULY 3.

Natives of Enemy Countries.

From Leslie's Weekly. Sam L. Rogers, Director of the Census Bureau, is not afraid that the foreign born population will swallow up the native Americans. He places the natives of enemy countries now resident here at 4,052,000, or slightly more than 4 per cent. of the entire population. These are made up of natives of Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. The totals for each are: Germany, 2,349,000; Austria, 1,376,000; Hungary, 738,000; Turkey, 188,000, and Bulgaria, 11,000. Of these the male aliens of 21 years of age and over number 964,000, which is about twice the population of San Francisco in 1910. This number is about 2.2 per cent. of the total number of male inhabitants of the United States of the same age limit.

THE PROBLEM OF FEEDING THE MEN OF THE NAVY.

Supply Vessels Follow the Fleet, Carrying Provisions and General Stores From Which to Draw as Needed.

The recent inquiries which appeared in THE SUN as to what food is served to our sailor lads are most opportune and are well worth the consideration of all of our countrymen.

It is a well known fact that an army travels on its stomach, and it is equally true of the navy, where the food question is one of the most important factors with which the Navy Department has to deal. When one considers that a ship of war is sometimes away from shore station for months at a time, where the usual supplies of fresh meat, vegetables and water cannot be secured, then it can be readily seen that the problem of feeding any naval force is one that requires considerable knowledge and attention.

It used to be the popular belief of many people that all sailors of the navy had a fare consisting of salt pork, beans, hardtack, coffee and a few other articles and not much of anything else. It is probably little known to the many inland folks that our sailor of to-day is better fed than any other in the world, and he has plenty of food which is well prepared by cooks who are enlisted for that purpose.

One of the most important problems of a ship of war going into commission is the food supply. While usually the ships of to-day make but few long cruises, unless they are proceeding on a roving commission, ship stores last about two months. The numerous supply vessels belong to the navy follow the fleet while in home waters, and they carry provisions and general stores which may be drawn when necessary.

Fresh meat and vegetables are always issued to the vessels when in port, and they only draw on their sea stores when they are out of sight of land, and when their supply of fresh vegetables is exhausted.

The dining mothers of some of our young men who have entered the service of Uncle Sam as seamen need have no fear that their sons will not be well fed, for the rations served at sea are as good if not better than they received at home.

As a rule the list of sea stores which are included consists of bread, salt and smoked meats, canned vegetables, including beans, peas and rice, canned, dried and preserved fruits, tea, coffee and cocoa, condensed milk, butter, sugar, corn, sugar, pepper, mustard, macaroni, cheese, catsup and French dressings, vinegar, sauerkraut, pickles, molasses and spices. These are among the articles which may be issued each week, but so arranged that the sailor will have a different variety every day.

For his Sunday meals he may be served roast beef, bread, squash (canned), coffee with sugar and condensed milk, butter, tomato catsup, cheese and canned fruit. On Monday he may receive a ration made up of sugar, condensed milk, butter, corn, sugar and condensed milk, bread and butter, and dried fruit, which may be either prunes or something of that sort. With meals of this kind there surely is no complaint to be made as to the food served.

The navy enlists men for the rating of cook and one must be an adept in his line and understand how to plan for any number of men. He must in addition to a certain knowledge of cooking know the food values of the different articles which he handles.

Those men who have manned our supply vessels are also adept in their new and fancy dishes and with the goods at hand often spring surprises on the men. They are just as good housekeepers and probably more so than most women, and think twice before throwing away leftovers.

Your old time sailor man will readily recognize the names of such dishes: cracker hash, spud hash, burgoo and numerous other dishes that have tickled the palates of the best men on board, not to forget that old time favorite plum duff.

To those who might think some of the dishes mentioned above are unwholesome, let me say to you that cracker hash and spud hash are made of corned beef, hardtack and potatoes. Burgoo is the usual name for that old Scotch cereal oatmeal. Bean soup and beans are generally served every Saturday, and a sailor who has once eaten bean soup in a navy will never forget it. Cooked in a big steam kettle, with a big hunk of canned corned beef to give it a flavor, and eaten while hot with hardtack, it is a dish not easily forgotten.